My Voice ſhall throw all Hearers in a Trance,
The very Stones ſhall at my Muſick dance.

Then Proſtrate Eunuchs ſhall before me fall,
With Hatred and Diſdain I'll treat 'em all;
But much more Thee, for why, 'twill be my Pride,
That thou ſhalt daily ask to be deny'd:
Diſpirited and made the gen'ral Scoff,
The Prudes themſelves with Scorn ſhall turn Thee off
Thou common laughing Stock! thou ſtanding Jeſt,
Thou'rt but a living *D---o* at the beſt.

F----NA.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FINIS.